Volume LXXIX CHICAGO, November 1, 1917 Number 9

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE GATES OF SLEEP

All day those portals shine afar,
They glisten in the sun;
An angel sets the door ajar
When the long day is done.

Silver and grey his vestments are,
And, with unerring hand,
He leads us where a single star
Lights all the solemn land.

The dwellers in that star-lit space
Are not the friends we see,
But those who, with averted face,
Departed silently.

Angel of night, lead on apace!
The doors of Sleep unbar,
And guide me to that trysting-place
Lit by a single star!

In "Poems and Lyrics." —Alfred Abernethy Cowles.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXX. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1917 NUMBER 9

The idealist said in his heart: The god of force is dead or dying. He has been proven the fool that the man of affairs and the militarist always said he was. But the fools of this world—generally after they are gone—have a way of moving men which the wise and practical believers in force have not.

—Galsworthy.

The *Drych*, the organ of the Welsh people in America, quotes a Pennsylvania minister as recently saying, "The day has gone by when people believe that the world can be won to Christ by ham sandwiches or potato salad." He also "doubted the essential piety of oyster suppers and strawberry festivals."

The New Republic of October 13th, speaking of the resignation of Professor Charles Beard from the Columbia faculty, says:

> It was his protest to the narrow-minded and arbitrary action of the trustees in dismissing Professors Catell and Dana. . . . Professor Beard's support of the war policy of the nation is unqualified. But he stands upon his right to support the war policy of his country as a free man, not as one whose livelihood depends upon his acceptance of that policy.

The *Public* foresees "an end of pacifist baiting as soon as the nation's fighting spirit finds outlet on the battle front." It has grave doubts as to "whether or not Mr. Roosevelt is a good citizen loyally co-operating to win the war," and it advises "letting Senator LaFollette alone—though he may be wrong-headed that is no reason why he should be guilty of a shallow, senseless mania for persecution."

The editor of the *Advance* advises ministers to read "The Soul of a Bishop," but not to preach about it until they have thought it over for two or three weeks. He does not want Mr. Wells to become a Christian of the ordinary type because he thinks he can do more good as a Christian of an unusual type. But Mr. Wells is very anxious to have it understood that he is not a Christian of any type.

Dr. James S. Stone, rector of St. James Protestant Episcopal Church, declared in his pulpit last Sunday, as quoted in the Chicago *Tribunte* of Monday last, "The pacifist is the most despicable and craven creature that crawls the earth; the word 'Pacifist' is the most disgraceful word in the English language." During the service the same rector doubtless read from a book which he regards as holy writ in which it is written "Blessed are the Peace Makers for they shall be called the children of God," and his invocation to the throne of an Almighty God was in the name of one who said, "Peter, put up thy sword!"

John N. Willys, National Chairman of the War Camp Community Recreation Fund, appeals for funds with which to supply the soldiers with legitimate amusements and innocent pastimes to replace homesickness and its consequences by home hospitalities. This appeal is based on profound and wholesome psychology, but as indicated in our last week's editorial, the recreations most needed by the soldier are the recreations of the spirit that will keep alive an activity of mind and nourish thoughtfulness. Raymond, the beautiful boy who led Sir Oliver Lodge to tell his story both ante and post mortem, wrote to his father that he preferred a good story to discussion of the war or the daily papers.

Superintendent Lies of the Chicago United Charities reports that there were 1,500 more applications for help during the month of September, 1917, than during September, 1916. Among the causes for this increase are reported an epidemic of scarlet fever in some parts of the city, increase of wife desertion, an influx of non-residents and an increase in the families of widows who cannot secure pensions until the Juvenile Court funds are replenished. Although high wages and a scarcity of labor seem to be here, yet this organization is looking forward to a winter of great need. The superintendent with 2,000 dependent families on his hands modestly suggests that every purchaser of a Liberty Bond might simultaneously invest a few dollars in the United Charities, which needed $8,000 for October beyond the funds in hand.

According to *Hoard's Dairyman* the first silo in the United States was built in 1875 by one Dr. Manley Miles, who brought the secret home from France. The next year there was one built in Maryland. Massachusetts ventured in 1880. Oatman Brothers of Illinois claim to have built the first one in the West in 1881. Now they are numbered by the hundreds of thousands and no object is more familiar or persistent in the rural landscape than those of the device that increases the feeding capacity of the fields. The silo is a barnyard application of the canned fruit

extension of the kitchen resources. Man is slowly but surely learning to increase the resources of the earth and to provide against hunger, squalor, disease and untimely death. When the spiritual husbandry keeps pace with the development of the field and the barnyard there will be less wastage in the fields of morals and religion.

The New Republic of October 20th, in an editorial on "Negro Conscription," with commendable sanity and prophetic fairness analyzes the feelings of the South in the face of Negro Conscription. They may well ask:

> Will the negro be the same kind of a man when he is mustered out as when he is mustered in? . . . The South is quite justified in its belief the war will affect the habit of mind and the behavior of the men who engage in it. . . . The man who goes out of his way "to put the nigger in his place," acts on a psychology more crude and stupid and brutal than the worst Prussian can exhibit. . . . The best men of the South know that there are cormorants of sharp business preying upon the Negroes. They know that he is handicapped when he buys land and when he sells it; that he is handicapped in every legal transaction; that if he is ambitious, his road to advancement is inhumanly steep and slippery unless he chances to have the personal protection of a white man of the best type. . . . But local institutions cannot go forever unchallenged. Is the South willing to admit that white supremacy cannot rest on any sounder foundation than fear? If it can rest on service, the problems arising out of Negro conscription cannot be insoluble.

These are bold, frank but truthful words, and when a publication of the standing of *The New Republic* speaks in such unquestioned tones, not only must the passion and prejudice of the South but the stupidly deaf and blind commercialized men and women of the North must take heed.

The last bulletin from the Forestry Department tells us that the change of color in the Autumn leaves is due, not as many believe to the action of frost, but it is a preparation for the winter. All the food material possible is sent back into the tree, and what is not available for that purpose remains to be returned to earth by the falling of the leaf. Thus the leaves add directly a fresh supply to the exhausted resource of the soil. But this most valuable fertilizing element is destroyed by fire. The lesson is obvious. Do not burn leaves. Systematic and regular forest fires will soon rob the soil of its fertility. Here, as elsewhere, vandalism is born of ignorance. The lurid war fires that so engage and preoccupy the mind of the nation should not be allowed to obscure the important issues that will be forced to the front on the reassembling of Congress. The nation-wide prohibition resolution will come before the House. A great national convention of the Anti-Saloon League meets in Washington December 10-13. During the first week of December the W. C. T. U. will assemble their league workers at the capital of the nation. No conservation movement suggested by Hoover and his allies is comparable in magnitude with this movement that will save breadstuffs from the brewer's vat, the distiller's still, save millions of money from wastage over the saloon counter, and millions more lives from debauchery and homes from squalor and starvation.

What the Pacifist Is Not!

I.

The pacifist is not a pro-German! No charge is brought against him more frequently; no charge contains a larger element of slander, or a smaller modicum of truth. Indeed, that the pacifist should be regarded seriously as a pro-German is only one of those highly ridiculous phenomena which reveal that state of war-hysteria in which the American people are living at the present moment. What was the spy-mania in England at the outbreak of the Great War, seems now to have become the pro-German mania in this country!

Of course, there is a sense in which the pacifist, like all other right-minded people, may be described as pro-German. This is the sense made so impressive by President Wilson in his clear-cut distinction between the German government and the German people —the pacifist has no quarrel with the German people. He wishes for them well and not ill; cherishes unshaken faith in the integrity of their human nature as of all human nature; and looks forward confidently to the time when they will be received once again into the family of nations. The pacifist cannot hate, distrust or fear. He believes in men as he believes in God, and hence insists upon including all mankind in the circle of his goodwill.

In this sense the pacifist is pro-German as he is pro-human. But it is obvious enough that this is not the sense in which the phrase is being universally employed today. By pro-German is meant a man who desires the triumph in the present war of German arms, and seeks to give direct or indirect assistance to this triumph. He is a partisan in a struggle for mastery in the field of battle—and a partisan not of his own but of the enemy country.

Now that we have pro-Germans of this type among us at the present moment is reasonably certain. But it is absolutely certain that no one of them is a pacifist, and that no pacifist is one of them! For against what is pacifism directed, if not against militarism, secret diplomacy, economic imperialism, kings and kingdoms, arms and armaments, the whole system and paraphernalia of war? And where in all the world today can these things be found in fuller or more dreadful development than in the Germany of the Kaiser? That they are not confined to the Teuton realms is

all too obvious. This monstrous brood of evil is the offspring of our world, and not of any single nation in this world. But Germany seems to have produced a more abundant and hideous spawn than any other of the belligerent powers. And to this extent she presents a more direct antithesis to everything that the pacifist holds dear, and by the same token a more complete fulfillment of everything that the pacifist loathes, detests and fears, than any other fact now present in the life of man.

The pacifist a pro-German! Many things, noble or ignoble, he may be, but this one thing at least he is *not*. From the world of the pacifist a myriad realities of the world that now is, will be forever banished, but last among these exiles will be Kaiserism and all its fiendish progeny.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.
Church of the Messiah, New York City.

"Conservation"

This is the word of the hour and is fast becoming the revelation of the hour. The "Household Economics" that is represented in the fanciful text-books as Domestic Science is being interpreted in terms of life. New resources are being developed out of the neglect and the indifference of men and women. Fresh sources of food are being found in the refuse of the garden and in road side weeds. The emergencies of the hour are making permanent contributions to the wealth of the world. Never again will individuals and nations be so near starvation or so threatened with hunger.

But conservation should deal not chiefly with fruit, cereals and meats. Human energies are to be conserved. Human life is to be made more precious and the most valuable elements in life are the elements that enter into character.

The higher conservation calls for the saving of one's faith, faith in human nature, faith in the human soul ripening ever into faith in God. A faith large enough to include all the children of God, strong enough to endure all the shocks that come out of the wild play of passion, fierce tyrannies of unholy ambitions and the distractions of hatred, revenge and the fell harpies that haunt battlefields.

November is the month of the ingathering, the time for harvest home festivals,—the Thanksgiving season. May the word of the hour be the keynote to the spirit during this month. May the graces that fail not be conserved so that the thrift enjoined by Commissioner Hoover and his assistants may be consecrated to the nourishment of soul as well as of body. Let temper be conserved, patience be conserved, so that the spirit may be supplied in the coming winter days which will doubtless "try men's souls."

War and Disease

The greatest advance in the care of armies came from the discovery, from 1870 to 1880, of the nature of infectious diseases, including gangrene, blood-poisoning, tetanus and the like, as well as the great plague and fevers. These are now known to be caused by the presence of minute living organisms, animal or plant, known as bacteria, bacilli, microbes, amœbæ, protozoans and the like, parasitic and multiplying with great rapidity within the human body. Some of these organisms are present everywhere in dust, dirt or in the air itself. Their presence and increase is the source of every infectious disease, of malaria, colds and similar disorders, as well as of the conditions which once rendered surgical operations in war time almost impossible. Such operations conducted with instruments absolutely clean in germ-free air, have entirely changed the processes and results of surgery throughout the world. Professor Tyndall pictures a battlefield as beset by myriad clouds of invisible enemies waiting to attack on every hand. The present writer wrote in 1877, in a review of Tyndall's work: "Now that we know what our enemies are, we shall be prepared to fight them," a prophecy better founded than most forecasts have been. Besides Tyndall, who studied these organisms directly, the foundations of the science now called Bacteriology were laid by Pasteur in Paris, who discovered that all the phenomena of fermentation and putrefaction were due to invisible life, and Lister of Edinburgh, the "father of antiseptic surgery." Before Lister, the most repulsive scenes were enacted in every field hospital, the world over, not less awful than those on the battlefield itself.

Such efforts to soften the ferocity of war arise from the more humane spirit of an enlightened age. The earlier laws of war arose from the desire to give to "war the sport of Kings" something of the character of a tournament or a gigantic and forceful game. In general, the motive of these wars was not primarily conquest or territorial acquisition, but rather the prestige of victory and the gain of ransom. In the case of war of extirpation or crushing of religous heresy, they were usually ignored. It is not logical that petty scruples should impede great enterprises. When the final aim is the crushing of a nation, starvation and frightfulness contribute toward that end. Modern war is essentially massacre by machinery, and the non-combatants who cannot strike back constitute the most vulnerable part of the adversary. Frederick the Great with the frankness of a King said, "As to war, it is a trade in which the least scruple would spoil everything. Indeed what man of honor would make war if he had not the right to make rules that should authorize plunder, fire and carnage?" D. S. J.

THE PULPIT

Borderlands

Studies of the Besetting Mysteries from Four Recent Books

III.

"Above the Battle"—*Romain Rolland*

The heart's search for brotherhood

Sermon Preached October 21, 1917, in Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Stenographically Reported by Miss May Johnson.

Father, in the freedom of truth we come this morning, hoping that by the guidance of that spirit we may come into thy kingdom of love. We pray, Father, for love; deep, abiding, enduring love, not only for those near and dear to us in the mergence of time and the limitations of space but we would know something of that divine love that reaches out beyond kin and country. We would realize something of that fatherly love that embraces not only the radiant children of light but the floundering sons of darkness. We would seek that love that penetrates the deepest hell, that broods over the most wayward children of man.

Father, make this place a temple dedicated anew to the universal brotherhood. Give us patience, Father, in hours of darkness; give us courage in the face of discouragement. Help us to keep the light burning that is set upon a hill, that perchance it may show the way to some wondering child of thine to the Holy City which we would help build. Amen.

I have characterized these four October sermons as studies of the "Borderlands." Borderlands appeal to the imagination, borderlands emerge in the scientist's studies, borderlands represent the hopes, curiosities, and the possibilities of life. As I have already reminded you, science tells us that life began and is propagated on the margins of earth, water and air. And only where these three great fundamental elements of life meet is there growth and new development.

But if we change the spelling a little and talk about "boundaries" then instantly we come into the realm of the dogmatic, over which men quarrel, for the maintenance of which men willingly die. I am a pioneer. I spent twelve years of my childhood in a log house. I remember that most of the pioneer quarelling was over boundary lines, fences. Much of the litigation in early days was concerned with these lines. The uncertainties of the first survey, the accidental removal of corner posts and witness trees gave room for disputes and quarrels. Not infrequently were differences over bounary fences settled with shot guns or something more deadly.

Near my summer home I can today take you where may be seen an eighty rod line guarded by two fences, each fence hugging the other because the owners of the adjoining fields could not agree on the division fence which the law provided, so each one had to build a fence on his own ground to protect himself from the neighbor on the other side of that fence.

The quarrels of history have been largely over boundaries, boundaries geographic, political, economic and religious.

We talk of "a bird's-eye view." What does it mean? It means the study of the landscape from a higher altitude than that which is possible to him who stays on the earth. It is a study of the world from the air, the higher vision. As we rise the vision constantly overrides and demolishes boundaries.

Harking back to my log house experiences I well remember how my patriotism was linked to "School District No. 3,"—with a poor little log house at that. We were perfectly sure that we were better equipped, had brighter children and a sweeter school ma'am than any other school district in the township. We believed we could spell them all down and we had reason, I did it myself once or twice. Then there came a time when I was proud of the town. My first political enthusiasm was aroused at a town meeting. The citizens were trying for a new road line. I was a town patriot then. Later I well remember the thrill and emotion that was mine when, with my older brother, I went eighteen miles to the County Seat and saw the Court House, a stately brick building, two stories high, where the courts met. I was a county patriot. We can all remember when our patriotism reached the boundaries of the county, oftentimes marked by a creek, more often by an arbitrary line of the surveyor. After a while we became state patriots. How we gloried in our State! How we loved to call ourselves citizens of "dear old Wisconsin," "Grand Iowa," or "brave little Jersey." I still see sometimes on the hotel registers the names of men who think they are sufficiently located when they put their state down, "Colonel ——, Kentucky, Captain so-and-so, Virginia." Occasionally we find one who straightens himself up and thinks he is adequately introduced when he says, "I'm from Georgia." And once in a while we meet a delicate bit of Dresden china who will say, "I'm from Massachusetts,"—that state whose citizens do not have to be born again.

But there came a time when under the American flag we realized that state boundaries were inadequate, state enthusiasms deceptive. It is appalling to think how many thousands still abide within the confines of state enthusiasms. Tardily there breaks upon the mind the vision of a nation, the sense of its glory, one country, one flag,—"the greatest in the world." We rejoice in our traditions. We indulge in great hopes for our country and we are voluntary defenders of the nation's boundaries.

Now we come into the pathetic history of poor stumbling human nature. The awful woes, the increasing hates, the indescribable wastes of history, life and its wealth heroically placed upon the altars of sacrifice in the interest of a nationality, all for *my* country and *my* flag.

Here and there, we find first a poet, a prophet, then a statesman, and at last an economist, one pledged to deal with the practicalities of the world. Such ask us to join in saying that above all boundary lines there is a wealth of mind and of matter, under all flags there is assembled the heroisms of past generations, the sacrifice of present generations and the potency of mighty generations yet to come.

Nationality is old, internationality is new. But internationality is the product of culture, the child of science, the creation of law in its larger application. The wise now know that freedom abides nowhere so long as there is a child of God enslaved anywhere. Now we know that liberty turns out to be slavery if it is the special property of a territorially bound nationality.

Can we this morning get a bird's-eye view of the world, enter into that larger internationality where race antecedents fade, theological differences disappear, political prejudices die out.

Harking back to my pioneer experiences again. The map of my pioneer patriotism contained an "Irish Hollow" a few miles away, there was a "Welsh Prairie" just beyond, and a "Dutch Hill" not far away. I never saw them but used to hear about them. But Irish Hollow, Welsh Prairie and the Dutch Hill have disappeared from the local map of that country side. For the log house has disappeared and the old log school house of District No. 3 has given way to a more modern structure. And surely much of the clannishness, provincialism, race prejudice, political conceits and dogmatic narrowness involved have been replaced by the peace and poise that comes from the higher vision, the spiritual bird's-eye view.

The noblest contribution externally ever made to the universal brotherhood, was the Columbian Exposition in yon Jackson Park and the still nobler and more lasting expositions, the expositions of mind, of heart, of thought and of religion on the Lake Front, in what we now call Grant Park in the building that survives as the Art Institute. That exposition was an inspiring demonstration of internationality. One of the sensations, the side shows, the diversions of the Columbian Exposition was the Ferris Wheel, a striking contrivance. It was the latest thing then in steel structural work. Most every visitor made the venture and one time or another went up in the Ferris Wheel. What did he see? He saw the stately palaces fade into pencil marks. He lost sight of the boundaries represented by avenues and boulevards. There came first the splendid map of the great city buildings far flung with their countless smoke-stacks, towers and spires. He realized as never before the teeming life that was welded into unity by the rotations of a wheel that had lifted him perhaps not more than a couple of hundred feet into the air. A ride on the Ferris Wheel was a realization in time of that intoxicating vision of Shelley's, who in his boylish enthusiasm created his Fairy Queen Mab. She took his spirit up in a chariot that carried him through space, and finally placed him in the "Hall of Spells." She showed him the glories of the past: "Palmyra's ruined palaces" where the pyramids beside the eternal Nile had risen, where Athens, Rome and Sparta stood, and pointing to the waste and devastation of it all she taught the spirit humility; "reverence for the fragile blade of grass." And then she showed the spirit the present with its gorgeous palaces and populous cities. The "gilded flies basking in the sunshine of a court," and at last she unveiled the future:

> Then joy to the Spirit came.
> Through the wide rent in Time's eternal veil,
> Hope was seen beaming through the mists of fear
> Earth was no longer hell;
> Love, freedom, health had given
> Their ripeness to the manhood of its prime,
> And all its impulses beat
> Symphonious to the planetary spheres.
>
> . . . . .
>
> Here now the human being stands adorning
> This loveliest earth with taintless body and mind;
> Blest from his birth with all bland impulses,
> Which gently in his noble bosom wake
> All kindly passions and all pure desires.

Something like that was the vision that was forced upon my mind from the top of the Ferris Wheel. Something like that comes to the thoughtful on every high place. Wide horizon lines not only prophesy peace but prove peace. They demonstrate that irregularities blend in space and give harmony to the landscape. They prove that in the long events of time discord is ever swallowed up in harmony, that differences make for the larger unity. The lesson of the mountain top is, I believe, enforced by history, by science, and by experience. Wars are overruled and made messengers of peace. The contest of the sword is giving way to the contest of the loom. The arbitrament of battle will give way to the arbitrament of industry and of reason. Science shows that progress comes through the struggling of the spirit and that progress is toward amity, brotherhood and justice.

Can we not say from our own experiences that slowly but surely out of the prejudices that poison and divide, the antiphathies that defeat and the bitternesses that weaken the energies of the soul, come the calm of reason, the poise of justice and the peace of love.

> Yet, O well I can remember,
> Once I called my pastures, Pain,
> And their waters were a torrent,
> Sweeping through my life amain!
> Now I call them Peace and Stillness,
> Brightness of all Happy Thought,
> Where I linger for a blessing
> From my faces that are nought.

Borderlands shrink into boundary lines limiting democracy when the lines are made to represent as permanent that which in the nature of things is fluid and flowing. Nationalities in the long events of time are passing, changing, fleeting realities. Their boundaries are ever changing, their ideals are ever growing, their constituencies are ever being reinforced by new life from the outside, and fresh emigration from the within. Italian, French, Russian, German, English are no longer represented by any particular spot on the globe and their reality cannot be vindicated by any boundary lines of mountains, rivers or surveyor's stakes.

All these countries have given of their best and their noblest to make our country a nationality of inter-nations. Ours is a great melting pot of the world to the glorification of all the powers beyond the seas. In view of our own future and prospects there must be such a thing as internationality, albeit but newly born.

Let us look for a moment at some of the brotherhoods that cross all race lines and make us familiar citizens in the one great world.

First there is the internationality of fools. Ignorance at least is international. The things we know may divide us but the things we do not know, and there are more in the latter class than the former, weld us into a large and real brotherhood.

Call the roll of the ignorant and you will promptly assemble a great international army. The prayer that becomes all of us is "The Fool's Prayer," fitting alike to the king on his throne and he who plays the fool at his feet.

> 'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
> Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
> 'Tis by our follies that so long
> We hold the earth from heaven away.

These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart strings of a friend.

The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

Then there is the brotherhood of sin. Among the nations of the earth let him that is without sin cast the first stone. Alas the records of all nations are steeped in violence! How wicked in their cruelties, how abounding in faithlessness is the story of the nations. Atrocities! Heaven save the mark! Who would undertake to catalogue the atrocities perpetrated by the fairest, though not on that account necessarily the largest, of nations. England, heaven forgive her, burned at the stake the noblest manifestation of womanhood found in history. The United States unblushingly, and with its nerves undisturbed, witnessed a few weeks ago the horrible atrocities of East St. Louis, and the stories of its lynchings, the smoke of its burnings rise into heaven as accusing witnesses against the essential cruelty of the human nature we call the United States of America. Yes, national lines fade in the presence of the weak and the sinful.

Then while there is a brotherhood of foolishness, a brotherhood of crime, there is also a brotherhood of mediocrity. "Nothing is more international than mediocrity," says the author from whom I am about to quote. But there is also, thank heaven, a splendid brotherhood of hope, of love, a world encircling kinship of nobility. The most boastful and arrogant patriotism dares not lay claims upon the great prophets of the world. Jesus and Sokrates, Confucius and Buddha, Zoroaster, Moses and Mohammed, thank heaven, have no national boundary lines; they at least belong to the world. No hatred of Germanic ambition or cruelty will bar out from universal sympathy the names of Lessing, of Luther and of Immanuel Kant. When we call the roll of the great children of genius; Shakespeare, Goethe, Hugo, Emerson and the rest, we pass promptly out of the consciousness of nationality into the magnificent domination of universality The consciousness of this internationality lifts and inspires us.

I had two visitors in my study this last week. One is a fortunate child of genius, a gifted preacher around whose platforms hundreds rally. He came to ask me, "What am I to do?" The vision that comes to me in these days, the message that is borne in upon me, is not what the crowd wants, probably not what they will receive. Shall I then throw away my power of usefulness, shut my eyes to the vision and stop my ears to the message vouchsafed me in the interest of future usefulness? Here was a child of the universe called upon to promote the enthusiasms of the nation. What did I say? What would you say? I dared only to voice the word of Holy Writ, and said, "Quench not the spirit."

Another young man, a recent graduate of an eastern theological school, stopped to see me on his way to a great adventure. By choice he had accepted an invitation to a country church in Iowa, a real country church with a parsonage several miles beyond no place. There is $400 a year salary and a sweet girl waiting in New York state to be sent for. He was not phased by the commercial aspects of his call. He had been assured that the farmers in the neighborhood would give him extra work to help him piece out his salary with farm wage. He did not care much for the denomination of it but he had a social message which he had received while a student sitting at the feet of his teachers. He had had a dream of a neighborhood church, a church that somehow, to use his own phrase, might prove to be a rural "Lincoln Centre." He is going out on that high venture. What will he encounter? Sectarian dogmatism, orthodox suspicion, heterodox flippancy, political insincerities and all that and all that. These forces will probably down him. But I gave him my blessing and congratulations as he went to his defeat which might be more triumphal than his success. He went lured by the vision that came to him from the top of the Ferris Wheel of the spirit. He had looked down upon that hypothetical Iowa community and saw through loving eyes what really exists there. Draw a circle round any country church in this Mississippi valley and in a zone of five miles in diameter you will find children from many lands, minds of many degrees of intelligence, inheritors of many dogmatic pretensions, and still all of them made one by a spirit they know not of. Their children are to be sent out to High School, Normal School and universities. They need a hand that will direct their intellectual activities, heaven save them, from the sensational and unscrupulous extravagancies of the daily press. Here was a child of the twentieth century, keyed up by the prophecy born of his studies, going forth on a high mission of inter-nationalism. If he succeeds it will be because he has been able to look down on that community from above. A bird's-eye view has enabled him to see things as they are. From the Queen Mab of science, the more careful Shelley of modern thought, he has gained a conception of the unity that overrides dividing lines

Last week I ought to have been at Vicksburg according to the impulses of my heart. For down there was held a great reunion of the Boys in Gray and the Boys in Blue who fifty-four years ago lay watching each other from hostile trenches, picking at each other day and night with stinging bullets and exploding bombs. I was one of the boys. For forty-seven days I was in the trenches. I would have been glad to have been there, not so much for the reunion of my comrades in Blue but for that nobler reunion of the Blue and the Gray. The tradition of a charge that my comrades of Wisconsin are proud of is commemorated in a bronze tablet in the Iowa Building. Through the bitter lessons of the war I was taught internationality. Even in one small company, I was marshalled to my duties as private by an Irish captain, a German lieutenant, a Polish sergeant and a Welsh corporal, and they were all citizens of the United States, progressive prophets of internationalism,

worthy citizens of the United States because of their higher citizenship of the world.

This leads me to the story and the message of the man who has given me my title, "Above the Battle." There has been working in Switzerland for the last two years and more the most brilliant mind of France judged from a literary standpoint, that of the author of the greatest novel some people think, since Victor Hugo's "Les Misêrables." But France would not tolerate him so he has been working with other banished associates interested in the International Agency for Prisoners of War. Two years ago this agency was directing three hundred volunteer workers, handling fifteen thousand letters, transmitting them between prisoners of war and their families in all belligerent countries. It expended from eight hundred to a thousand dollars for specific cases which friends had been able to pass through the line for the benefit of their friends. A thousand cases a day were being considered. In this activity we see the man who has given us the book entitled "Above the Battle." It is a little book made up of different essays which he could not get published in France though he is a Frenchman of the French both in spirit and desire. The noblest Frank of them all. These papers found initial publication in the journals of Switzerland.

The great story of Jean Christophe, a three volume novel, takes a child of genius, a German lad, burdened with the musical temperament, out of narrow German confines, guarded round about with German pride, organization and German supremacy. Let us be true, for where would we go for musical supremacy if not to the land of Bach, Beethoven and the rest of them. But the necessities of genius carried him into the France that he did not like and brought him into contact with the life that he did not relish but through the persistent buffetings which genius gives to its children he learned to find at last the "serious France" and to receive the permanent message of Paris. At last he swings back again into Germany, a German no longer but a citizen of the world, a member of the republic of letters which cannot be overthrown, one that we find in all times and all ages. He was a builder of the City of God, "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Let me give you some sample sentences from this great Frenchman who must bide away from his beloved home while he serves in the high mission of internationalism.

In his preface to this little book he declares:

A great nation must protect itself from the hallucinations, injustices, and follies which the war plague lets loose.

In an open letter to Hauptmann, the great German novelist, he reminds him that,

The atrocities of this impious war will never lead me to soil my spirit with hatred.

Again he says,

War springs from the weakness and stupidity of nations.

He asks this German if he is a grandson of Goethe or of Attila. "Kill men!" he says, "if you like, but respect masterpieces."

The most odious of crimes is the destruction of works of genius. . . .

The hundred noble spirits, thousands of brave hearts of which no nation was ever destitute.

Even the Fatherland cannot save itself through crime, above its right are those of the human spirit. The famous doctrine of "public safety" is the mother of heroisms and crimes.

Another war is taking place upon the field of the spirit. Often victory below means defeat above.

In all nations young men are brought into conflict by a common ideal. Germans are fighting to defend the birthplace of Kant against the Cossack avalanche.

A French novelist said:

We are dispelling the nightmare of the materialism of a mailed Germany and of armed Peace.

He has a chapter on the destruction of "The Idols" in which he says that the last idol to die is the pride of race.

Pope Pius X died of grief to see the outbreak of this war. . . May God inspire the new Pontiff, who has just ascended the throne of St. Peter, with words and deeds which will cleanse the church from the stain of this silence. . . . There was no reason for war between the western nations; French, English, and German, we are all brothers and do not hate one another. The war preaching press is envenomed by a minority, vitally interested in maintaining these hatreds.

He quotes Renan in his beautiful letter to Strauss as saying,

A monstrous policy of race can lead only to zoological wars, wars of extermination.

Humanity is a symphony of great collective souls. . For the finer spirits of Europe there are two dwelling places; our earthly fatherland, and that other City of God. Of one we are guests, of the other builders.

The ardor of patriotic faith is everywhere the same.

On both sides of the line their violence is made possible only by a sincerity borne out of high inspirations and narrow vision.

Here is the practical conclusion of the scientist,

If we cannot stop the war we can make it less bitter. There are medicines for the body. We need medicines for the soul to dress the wounds of hatred and vengeance by which the world is being poisoned. We who write—let that be our task. . . The Red Cross, like the bees of Holy Writ, make their honey in the jaws of a lion.

Do not break down all the bridges, since it will ever be necessary to cross the river. Do not destroy the future. A good open, clean wound will heal; but do not poison it. Let us be on our guard against hatred. . . There is a little lay church which, today more than the other, preserves its faith in the unity of human thought and believes that all men are sons of the same father.

In the soldiers of all armies the fire of hate is dying down. They already fraternize from trench to trench.

He thus speaks from the revelation of thousands of letters which pass through his hands daily.

From Spain comes the manifesto of two score of their noblest men dedicated to an unchangeable belief in the moral unity of Europe, who declare the war a civil war.

Then he gives appeals from Holland and from Scandinavia. He decries,

The criminal poets who stir up hatred with their false stories.

He who fires from ambush knowing well what he risks is superior to those journalists who profit by the public feeling of the day, and under cover of high-sounding words of patriotism do not fight the enemy but spit upon him.

He quotes from Jean Paul:

No period has so much need of poetry as the one which thinks it can do without it.

He has a heart-breaking chapter on "The Murder of the Élite,"

Humanity throwing into the bloody arena all its ethical and moral reserves, its priests, its thinkers, its scholars, its artists, the whole future of the spirit—wasting its geniuses as food for cannon.

From the correspondence of a German soldier he quotes,

> The newspapers say that it's hardly possible to restrain the warlike ardor of the fighters. . . They lie—consciously or unconsciously. . . They talk of a holy war. . . I know of no holy war.

But why quote more? These are but the commonplaces of scholarship and religion. Rolland's version of the issues of peace and war is but a thrice told tale in the conclusions of the noble in all lands and in all ages.

I know full well that my utterances this morning are but monotonous repetitions of the message which I have been reiterating for the last thirty-five years in this presence, and still I cannot otherwise. I yield to no man in my love for the Stars and Stripes. That flag drew my father and mother across tempestuous seas while I was a babe in their arms. It lured me from the high ambitions of my boyhood and held me at the battle front were privates rallied for three years. It has been my continuous inspiration as a man in this pulpit and within this temple dedicated to human service. Here it has been ennobled by that white border which made its first flight over this building twelve years ago. I love this love inspiring emblem of the enlargement of our nation into the international life we aim to promote.

I am told that the white border will no longer be tolerated, not even from this pulpit. Far be it from me to make a fetish out of a piece of bunting. I shall try not to fall into the blunder which dogmatism has ever fallen into, that of mistaking the symbol for the thing symbolized. I care too much for the brotherhood of all men to stop and quarrel about the emblem. The emblem may and does decorate brothels, gambling houses, tippling places, marts of selfish trade, trading places of corrupt politics. It may be flaunted in the face of the sun, shading the streets whereon thousands march rending the air with shouts of flippant enthusiasm. But to us the flag is a thing of the spirit and this pulpit will continue to stand, as God gives it strength, courage and wisdom, for the vision "Above the Battle," for the synthesis that comes from the bird's-eye view. This pulpit, while it is given me to occupy it, will stand for that comradeship that includes the mountain peaks of humanity. We must believe that even now the heart of the nation is turning towards the peace that will be the highest triumph of democracy when found in a movement to unfix bayonets and ground arms, to roll back into its hiding place the cannon, throw wider open the halls of colleges and begin again, in spite of the lost time, to build up the fraternity of nations, typified in the United States of America, to be copied by the United States of Europe, to be ultimately realized in a federated world.

Call it a "dream," the dream is often worth more to the world than the actuality. You tell me it is still very far away,—I would live for that far away time. Throw at me your millennium measurement of my dream and I accept the challenge. I am here to stand for the millennium, if that is what you call it. The times call for heroes of thought, those who believe in the potency of love and who are willing to wage the battle with the weapons of the spirit which are always at a disadvantage in the foreground of the battle, but have conquering power in the ultimate estimate of the real "God of Battle."

Forty-seven days and Vicksburg fell. The highest triumph was not a triumph of arms, the real triumph came on that great 4th of July when we brought forth out of our plenty that which fed those hungry thousands and touched them into sincere regard for their captors and open armed confessions of brotherhood.

It is on this march towards brotherhood that the nations today are waiting to be led, whether that leadership comes from the Pope of Rome, the new India, the newly organized democracy of Russia or from the effete races of the still farther East. When that leadership comes we will know where to follow.

Brotherhood is the word. I began with a reading from Markham's "The Desire of the Nations." We will close with Markham's plea for Brotherhood:

> The crest and crowning of all good,
> Life's final star, is Brotherhood;
> For it will bring again to Earth
> Her long lost Poesy and Mirth;
> Will send new light on every face,
> A kingly power upon the race.
> And till it come we men are slaves,
> And travel downward to the dust of graves.
>
> Come, clear the way, then, clear the way:
> Blind creeds and kings have had their day.
> Break the dead branches from the path:
> Our hope is in the aftermath—
> Our hope is in heroic men,
> Star-led to build the world again.
> To this Event the ages ran:
> Make way for Brotherhood—make way for Man.

Dear friends of All Souls Church, that is where I stand; in love and pity and sympathy with the mutilated nations, the broken hearts of women, the thwarted careers of men. The one compensating thought of it all to me is that on every battle line, under every flag, the bulk of those fighting are swayed by an ideal for which they are willing to die and are chastened by a sincerity that is above suspicion. I belong in the army of the discredited and may be for the time defeated.

I stay where the heroes are, whatever their uniform may be and I am willing to suffer from the domination of that ancestral tyrant of tradition, the blind war power that we have inherited and from which we are only just escaping. I work in the interest of the heavenly power of love which belongs to the angel manhood toward which we are tending.

In our own hearts, at least, O Father, may we establish the city of God. In our own lives, O Father may we realize the sweet and ennobling sense of brotherhood with all. Amen.

Brute or Brain?

It has looked recently as if we should have war. . . . When men's brains are inadequate to meet the exigencies of affairs, they fight.

—*George Meredith, Letters, Vol. I, p. 208.*

No blood for me. . . Sweep it away. How? With the brain. . . If we descend to poor brute strength or brutal craft, it is from failing in the brain: we quit the leadership of our forces, and the descent is the brute's confession.

—*George Meredith, The Tragic Comedians, p. 37.*

CORRESPONDENCE

[From the uplands of New England comes the following private letter. It is so loaded with cheer and forward looking news that we cannot withhold it from our readers. The Community Church is surely coming and may not be so far away as it seems.—EDITOR.]

I am always happy to send you one more word of appreciation for what your life and work has inspired. Amid these present dark days you may feel yourself to be the voice crying in the wilderness. But never mind, you've been there before. The word you uttered thirty years ago is now on every one's tongue.

Let me tell you one of the recent stories. At the end of our summer's work among the Vermonters, we are today rejoicing with the people among whom we labored. A "Community Church" has been organized.

For a century or more in the town of Calais, Vermont, having five villages in it, various sects have competed with one another. The result has been that the church buildings have been closed many months of each year. Services held by one denomination were attended rarely by persons from the other denominations.

The Community Church means one minister for the whole town, all the churches open each Sunday for regular services, the Sunday schools reorganized, and the young people are to be led into more wholesome ideals for living. Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, Spiritualist and Universalist hatchets have been buried, prejudices have disappeared, and as one church people they are all rejoicing over what they have done, and are planning to do. Through this co-operation a living salary is promised the minister; over half the amount needed pledged before the canvass for funds has been made. At last the Union Church of East Calais, where the new organization took form, after seventy years' waiting, sees itself true to its name. One of the strongest so-called orthodox denominations, through its state board, offered to pay liberally toward our salary if Mr. Conner and I would remain in the "Community Church"; but we could not. We left the dear people reluctantly, but joyous over their victory.

We attended last week the Universalist General Convention and helped take a few progressive steps. The plans had been made for us to locate in California for our next field of work; something extraordinary occured to prevent our going. At present we do not know where we are going to locate, but we are on our way full of plans for our best work yet to be done.

With kindest regard, I remain

Yours sincerely,

MARY ANDREWS CONNER.

Oct. 24, 1917. Palmer, Mass.

The railroads are not laid along the old coach roads, but they bring us to the same places as the coaches did. You and I travel by different roads and our methods are not alike, yet both our ways lead up to Jerusalem, as all roads lead to Rome.—*Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.*

A woman lacking true culture is said to betray by her conversation a mind of narrow compass, bounded on the north by her servants, on the east by her children, on the south by her ailments, and on the west by her clothes.—*Burton Kingsland.*

The Conquest of Poverty

By FREDERIC ALMY, Buffalo

(From the President's address before the National Conference of Social Work, at Pittsburgh, Pa.)

* * * Already, during the war, the world has gained in undreamed of places. I think we all agree that in spite of the value of intelligent autocracy, democracy will in the end lessen poverty, by giving more opportunity to the poor; and in the last one hundred years the proportions of democracy and autocracy in the world have been reversed. Today democracy is almost universal and autocracy the exception, and the end is not yet. I think we all agree that prohibition will lessen poverty, and through this war it exists in Russia and has a foothold in England. We know how it is sweeping America. Already more than half of our states are "dry." Many of us think that the emancipation of woman will lessen poverty, and through this war this is already a certainty in England and has a foothold in Russia. In America one-third of our presidential electors are now from suffrage states. Eastward the star of suffrage takes its way, and it has reached Rhode Island. Moreover suffrage, unlike prohibition, is irrevocable where it is once gained, for women will not disfranchise themselves. Again, already through this war constructive social work by the state which seemed Utopian has become familiar, and sacrifice and service by volunteers are universal. In a twinkling also, quicker than ever before, we have gained in internationalism. War is abominable, and the hate and loss it causes make the whole world poorer, but out of the great evil we make some great gains. As Bossuet says: "When God rubs out, it is because he is getting ready to write."

In the fight against poverty we are none of us pacifists, and there is as good fighting in this war as there is in Europe. There are many dead, too, behind us in the war against poverty to urge us on, and to make us much ashamed if our lives serve less than theirs.

* * *

John Locke, the philosopher, says that in the good old times of England two centuries ago one-fifth of the population consisted of paupers and beggars, most of them lusty fellows, who were able to work. In some parts of England as late even as 1766, or less than one hundred and fifty years ago, the poor in the workhouse wore iron collars. In the country the peasant was what Markham describes in The Man with the Hoe. Think of the contrast between this and the intelligent American farm hand. Think of the difference between the poverty of all classes in America in the seventeenth century and in the twentieth century, when many of the poorest have comforts which not long ago were unknown to the well-to-do. Perhaps many will disagree with me as an optimist when I say that today our problem is not the dependent poor and starved bodies so much as the independent poor and starved lives. I think that poverty is avoidable.

Just as some of us think that the existence of a hell implies a hellish God, I think that incurable poverty implies a God who is not omnipotent. It has lasted too long in the world, through man's fault, and we are learning to remove it. We know now, better than

in Alexander Pope's day, that the proper study of mankind is man.

Last winter in Columbus I talked with Washington Gladden at the age of eighty and asked him whether in more than half a century of active service he could look back on any one thing which had become distinctly worse. He said, "Not one," but spoke of reverse eddies which he believed were temporary. We talked of the illustration of the moving carriage where the pessimists can say truly that a full half of each wheel is constantly moving backwards, but the carriage moves forward, for it is always the upper half which counts. Dr. Gladden is still an optimist, and I mean to stay one, for it gives courage, but this hideous war makes me a discouraged optimist.

* * *

Take first disease, so great a cause that in Buffalo last year over 78 per cent of our poverty was due to sickness and less than 1 per cent to lack of work. Health insurance will help here, where we have lagged behind Europe, and this is prominent in our week's program, but without health insurance see what has been done. In Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird* the great diseases skulk in their caverns, overcome by man, and only Cold-in-the-head dances on the stage. Professor Irving Fisher of Yale quotes Finkelnburg as saying that in Europe human life has probably doubled in length in the last 350 years, or since Shakespeare's day, though no doubt he includes war, pestilence and famine, all of which are now infrequent, as well as deaths from disease. During the last forty years, the death rate in New York city has been reduced one-third, and the statistics of Massachusetts show fourteen years added to huuman life in the last century. The insurance companies have had to change their annuity rates. Dr. Devine, an ex-president of this Conference, says in *The Survey* (April 24, 1914, p. 26): "Perhaps it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the health of the children in the tenements does actually receive more effective attention than was ordinarily given to the health of children of well-to-do families one generation ago." Robert W. de Forest, also an ex-president, says that more than 80 per cent of the tenements put up in New York city in 1912 had baths, but that when he was in Yale, less than fifty years ago, there were only four baths for the whole university, and those were in the cellar of the gymnasium. Our ancestors did not dream of health as a public function, or of education either, for that matter. Think what it means to poverty to be even half-sick. Think of the loss of children dying before they are remunerative to society, of husbands and fathers taken from the wives and children whom they should support and guide. The economic waste is as great as the human misery.

* * *

When I was in Harvard political economy was only a department of philosophy, which it soon outstripped. Today at Harvard sociology is only a department of political economy, but may also in time become greater than its parent.

It has been said that the institutions of society are now in the melting pot. It is as madly Utopian as today would have been to good King Alfred to suggest that the next century may perhaps blossom socially as the last did physically? Alfred Russel Wallace says that the inventions of the nineteenth century outweigh all that preceded it in all time. I take this from a book by Josiah Strong in which he says also, quoting Professor Dolbear, that at the beginning of the nineteenth century twenty of the major sciences, which "embody almost all the knowledge we have," had no existence. He adds: "When we consider that, aside from spiritual truth, the greater part, and the most important part, of all the world's knowledge today is only about one hundred years old, how glorious is the reasonable expectation for the long future." Little of much value in our modern charity existed half a century ago. Miss Richmond's book on *Social Diagnosis* would have been impossible even a quarter of a century ago. When we consider that the world is now thinking and inventing socially as well as physically, anything seems possible.

Charity alone will never solve poverty. It has run the gamut from soft-headed to hard-headed, and of these two I for one prefer it soft-headed, but even where charity is warm as well as wise, and adds community work to individual work, it will never solve poverty. The church alone will never solve it. Already in most denominations hospitals, schools and now charity have passed from the church to the laity. This does not narrow religion, but broadens it. Religion has overflowed from the church into life.

We need social justice, for as Professor Ellwood says: "The economic environment comes to have a good deal of the same relation to civilized man that the geographical environment had to primitive man." We are making steady progress, in hours, in housing, in wages, and we can almost say that reform is in the saddle and rides mankind, but is there any hope for progress by leaps and bounds, such as we have had physically? This was a wonderful century, even before the war, and now with the fruits of the war we may soon say with Rosalind: "O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful, wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hoping."

If I speak of how far we have won out in two of our chief problems it may hearten us for more effort and more successes. First, we have drawn the teeth of the factory evil, and industrial slavery is becoming emancipated. Machinery when it came seemed a blessing, but was soon a menace. John Stuart Mill said half a century ago: "Hitherto it is questionable if all the mechanical inventions yet made have lightened the day's toil of any human being," and Elizabeth Barrett Browning would perhaps have said the same; but by social legislation which protects the better employers from the harsh competition of the worse, factory labor is now, as a rule, safer and more sanitary than most street trades or than mercantile employment.

* * *

Professor Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, writes me: "There are quite numerous indications that health is better in the city than in the average open country, and there is no question whatever about the superiority of public education in the cities." The field secretary of the Playground and Recreation Association of America writes me that "it is safer now for a baby to be born and pass its first two or three critical years in slum sections of New York than in suburbs of small cities or in many rural towns." Dr. Thomas D. Wood, professor of physical education in Columbia University, not only says that country

school children are from 10 to 20 per cent more unhealthy than city school children, but in general that city life is more healthful than country life, and that city food and water are more wholesome than food and water in the country. He thinks rural schools, as a rule, are less fit for their use than prisons, stables or pig-pens. Of course doctors are less accessible in the country than in the city, and the social value of health is less known. Official figures in New York State show that for many years the death rate in New York City was more than in the country, as would be expected, but that for the last seven years it has been less.

If social work can make such a visible impression on the factory evil and on the city evil, it should encourage us for success elsewhere. Nothing now seems impossible, with effort.

* * *

Universal reading, with books open now to the million; universal art, with the great pictures of the world familiar everywhere; universal music through the pianola and the victrola; universal travel, with the whole world on wheels; the annihilation of space and time through the train, the telegraph, the telephone, the trolley and the cheap automobile; all these recent gains by increasing opportunity will lessen poverty. When opportunity becomes more universal the development of genius becomes more universal. Some say that all this increases civilization but not happiness or contentment. I rank discontent above content. The jelly-fish is more contented than the flying-fish, but is it as much of a fish?

It does not take a plant so long to blossom as to grow, and the world blossomed physically in one century, as we have all seen. Is it an idle dream to wonder if the world may perchance blossom socially in this very century as it did physically in the one before it? Can it be that in character, as in circumstance, the world is near blossom-time? One of my favorite passages in Maurice Hewlitt is where the poet Bendish "expects in fact a general enlightenment, and then a sudden illumination. It is easy to travel when you see the way." Physically the general enlightenment came first, through discoveries and inventions, and then came the sudden illumination which made it easy to see the way. Socially we have had the general enlightenment as never before. Shall we have here also the sudden illumination which makes it easy to travel, so that socially as well as physically one century may equal the total put together of all before it? After such a century as we have had materially, this is not mere dreaming. If one was possible, the other is possible. If one dream came true, as we have just seen, the other can come true. In a few centuries men may perhaps look back upon our unhappier world as we do upon the cave men. At least wars, and lynchings, and industrial serfdom must go.

* * *

No people seem to me more sure that they have solved the problem of poverty than the socialists. For some time I have called myself a socialist, but I fear the socialists would not call me one, and my views are not yet positive. I have read a good many books on socialism, and as I conceive it, it would make opportunity more equal, and be a long step forward. I like especially the motto of the communists, "From each according to his ability; to each according to his need," which is an ideal worth every effort to realize. This, if anything, would abolish poverty. It would be almost the realization of Christianity.

* * *

Genius is not more than it used to be in quality but in quantity. The heights are no higher, but more people live on the heights. The glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome have become widespread. What Judea gave to the world is still being given, and the discontent which today is so general and so hopeful makes me believe that if we put our shoulders to the wheel and attempt the impossible we may achieve it. To quote Maurice Hewlitt's poet again: "I expect in fact a general enlightenment, and then a sudden illumination which will be irresistible. It is easy to travel when you see the way."

I want to see all weights removed from the lowest of mankind until he can rise to the full stature of which he is capable. Then and not till then, will there be an end of poverty.

Let us say with Whitman:

O to die advancing on!
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing, as we go, the unknown ways,
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the march;
By those swarms upon our rear, we must never yield or falter,
Through the battle, through defeat, moving yet and never stopping,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

MORNING GLORIES.

Sturdy, courageous things
With joyous "morning faces,"
What message each one brings—
Though found in lowly places;

Over tottering fence or tree,
Hiding things unsightly,
Climbing, spending self most free,
Spirit brave and sprightly;

Purple of Tyre from distant sea,
Blue as the bluest sky,
Pink as arbutus wild and free,
White as a cloud on high,

Pink and purple, white and blue
Velvety, dew-kissed faces!
Loving, loyal, pure and true—
Though found in humble places!

—Mary Badollet Powell.

"Our government is based on the agreement both tacit and implied, that the minority shall always have the rights of free speech, of free press, and of free agitation, in order to convert itself if possible from a minority to a majority. As soon as these rights of the minority are denied, it will inevitably resort to secret meetings, conspiracies and finally force. In times of stress, it may be extremely embarrassing for the majority to be hampered in quick, decisive action by an obstinate minority; but nevertheless the recognition of the right of the minority is our sole bond of unity.

For this reason, I repeat, that any attempt to interfere with the rights of free speech and free press is a blow at the very foundation of our government."

—*Franklin H. Giddings.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LLOYD JONES

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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISSIONARY EDUCATION MOVEMENT for Federal Churches of Christ in America.

The Church and International Relations. Report of the Commission of Peace and Arbitration. Parts I and II. Sidley L. Gulick and Charles Macfarland. 2 Vols.

The Church and International Relations—Japan. Report of the Commission on Relations with Japan. Prepared by Charles S. Macfarlan.

CARNEGIE ENDOWMENT FOR INTERNATIONAL PEACE. YEAR BOOK 1917.

Bell Street Chapel Anniversaries. James Eddy. Published by the Chapel.

Some Torch Bearers in Indiana—Charity Dye. Published by Charity Dye, Indianapolis.

ARK PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Scrolls. Essays on Jewish History and and Literature, and Kindred Subjects. 2 Vols.

"Those who rejoice in war" are legion, not only the warrior caste who rush to war and adore it, not only those who clothe universal slavery with magic power; the rulers by heredity over a prostrate human race, those who tilt the balance of justice in the interest of their own schemes. There are those who say, How beautiful is war. And others, "Different races naturally hate." And others, "I grow fat with war; it ripens my fortunes." And those, "There has always been war, and war will be always." And others, "I see no further than the end of my feet."

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION.

Annual statement of the Northern Insurance Co., of Moscow, Russia, on the 31st day of Dec. 1916, made to the Insurance Superintendent of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

CAPITAL.

Amount of capital stock paid up in cash	$200,000.00

INCOME.

Premiums received during the year	724,295.57
Interest and dividends	39,698.21
Total income	$763,993.78

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses paid during year	396,738.30
Expenses of adjustment and sett'ement of losses	9,434.58
Commissions or brikerage	214,127.61
Salaries, fees and all other charges of officers, clerks, agents and employees	500.00
Advertising, printing and stationery, postage, tec.	134.93
Legal expenses	346.48
corps, fees etc.	370.49
Fire department and salvage	
State, insurance departments, taxes and fees	139.86
Other licenses, fees and taxes	1,196.80
All othr disbursements	18,935.67
Total Disbursements	$ 641,645.00

LEDGER ASSETS.

Book value of bonds and stocks	1,025,461.89
Cash in office and bank	59,659.96
Other ledger assets	5,479.09
Total Ledger Assets	$1,129,113.20

NON-LEDGER ASSETS.

Interest accrued	16,359.15
Market value of real estate, bosds and stocks over book value	36,993.11
Total Admitted Assets	$1,182,465.46

LIABILITIES.

Losses in process of adjustment or in suspense	84,155.05
Total unearned premiums	546,263.59
Salaries, renst, bills, taxes, etc.	10,000.00
Commissions and brokerage	5,000.00
Total Liabilities	645,418.64
Surplus as regards policy holders	537,046.82
Total	$1,182,465.46

BUSINESS IN ILLINOIS.

Total risks taken during the year	$5,440,823.00
Total premiums received during the year	46,554.60
Total losses incurred year	15,872.27

R. H. FOLSOM, United States Manager.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of February, 1917.
HELEN NESTLER, Notary Public.
(SEAL)

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION.

Annual statement of the Moscow Fire Insurance Co. of Moscow, Russia, on the 31st day of Dec. 1916, made to the Insurance Superintendent of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

CAPITAL.

Amount of capital stock up in cash	$200,000.00

INCOME

Premiums received during the year	$1,998,405.75
Interest, rents, and dividends	80,653.54
Total income	$2,079,059.29

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses paid during year	$1,130,627.45
Remitted to Home Office	114,325.44
Commissions or brokerage	607,323.65
Salaries, fese and all other charges of officers, clerks, agents and employees	500.00
Advertising, printing and stationery, postage, etc.	143.21
Underwriters' boards, fire department and salvage corps, fees, etc.	6,717,84
State, insurance departments, taxes and fees,	28,022.81
Other licenses, fees taxes	2,107.04
Total disbursments	$1,889,767.44

LEDGER ASSETS.

Book value of bonds	$2,141,014.63
Cash in office and bank	202,876.25
Agents' balances	56,656.32
Total Ledges Assets	$2,400,547.20

NON-LEDGER ASSETS.

Interest and rents due and accrued	18,416.64
Gross Assets	$2,418,963.84

DEDUCT ASSETS NOT ADMITTED.

Book value, bonds over market value	$31,254.63
Total Admitted Assets	$2,387,709.21

LIABILITIES.

Losses in procss of adjustments or in suspense	$312,118.00
Net amount of unpaid losses	$312,118.00
Total unearned premiums	1,384,641.72
Salaries, renst, bills, taxes	40,486.05
Commissions and brokerage	3,177.28
Total Liabilities	$1,740,423.05
Surplus as regards policy holders	647,286.16
Total —	$2,387,709.21

BUSINESS IN ILLINOIS.

Total risks taken during the year	$10,280,572.00
Total premiums received during the year	104,356.27
Total losses paid	51,520.65
Total losses incurred during the year	52,818.65

PAUL E. RASON,
United States Manager.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 31st day of Jan. 1917.
CHAS. MORROW, Notary Public
(SEAL)

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION.

Annual statement of the Union & Phenix Espanol Insurance Co. of Madrid. Spain; U. S. Office, New York City, in the State of New York on the 31st day of December, 1916, made to the Insurance Superintendent of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

CAPITAL.

Amount of capital stock paid up in cash	$200,000.00

INCOME.

Premiums received during the year	1,229,119.07
Interest, rents, and dividends	57,659.62
Total income	$1,286,778.69

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses paid during the year	651,861.98
xpenses of adjustment and settlement of losses	11,595.36
Commissions or brokerage	385,807.14
Salaries, fees and all other charges of officers, clerks, agents and employees	600.00
Avertising, printing and stationery, postage etc.	88.18
Legal expenses, furniture, fixtures and maps	346.48
Underwriters' boards, fire department and salvage corps, fees, etc.	965.79
State, insurance department taxes and fees	12,160.84
Other licenses, fees and taxes	3,150.25
All other disbursements	38,799.58
Total disbursements	$1,105,375.60

LEDGER ASSETS.

Book value of bonds and stocks	1,371,676.46
Cash in office and bank	198,100.48
Agents' balances	37,977.14
Total Ledger Assets	$1,607,754.08

NON-LEDGER ASSETS.

Interest and rents due and accrued	19,294.95
Market value of real estate, bonds and stocks over book value	4,223.54
Total Admitted Assets	$1,631,272.57

LIABILITIES.

Losses in process of adjustment or in suspense	205,360.81
Net amount of unpaid losses	921,707.31
Salaries, rents, bills, taxes, etc.	16,000.00
Commissions and brokreage	5,000.00
Total Liabilities	$1,148,068.12
Surplus as regards policy holders	483,204.45
Total	$1,631,272.57

BUSINESS IN ILLINOIS.

Total risks taken during the year	$10,910,140.00
Total premiums received the year	102,554.12
Total losses paid	59,514.34
Total Jossse incurred during the year	57,806.46

R. H. FOLSOM,
Of Foster and Folsom, U. S. Manager.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of February, 1917.
HELEN NESTLER, Notary Public.
(SEAL)

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION.

Annual statemnet of the Warsaw Fire Insurance Co. of Warsaw, Russia, on the 31st day of Dec. 1916, made to the Insurance Superintendent of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

CAPITAL.

Amount of capital stock paid up in cash	$200,000.00

INCOME.

Premiums receivde during the year	446,682.98
Interest, rents, and dividends	31,449.82
Total Income	$478,132.80

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses paid during the year	230,102.17
Expenses of adjustment and settlement of losses	4,172.51
Commissions or brokerake	127,494.70
Salaries, fes and all other charges of officers, clerks, agents and employees	510.00
Advrtising, printing and stationery, postage, etc.	26.28
Legal expenses, furniture, fixtures and maps	1,073.99
Underwriters' boards, fire department and salvage corps, fees, etc.	.342.16
State, insurance departments, taxes and fees	1,269.46
Other licenses, fees and taxes	808.94
Loss on sale or maturity of ledger assets	954.81
All other disbursements	20.566.19
Total Disbursemnets	$387,321.21

LEDGER ASSETS.

Book value of bonds and stocks	$645,590.84
Cash in office and bank	88,190.73
Agents' balances	43,029.07
Total Ledger Assets	$776,810.64

NON-LEDGER ASSETS.

Interest and rents due and accrued	7,892.47
Market value of real estate, bonds and stocks over book value	20,979.16
Total Admittide Assets	$805,682,27

LIABILITIES.

Losses in process of adjustment or in suspense	72,137.31	
Total	72,137.31	
Net amount of unpaid losses		72,137.31
Total unearned premiums		303,286.47
Salaries, rents, bills, atxes etc.		8,000.00
Commissions and brokerage		5,000.00
Total Liabilities		$388,423.78
Surplus as regard policy holders		417,258.49
Total		$805,682.27

BUSINESS IN ILLINOIS.

Total risks taken during the year	1,037,536.00
Total premiums received during the year	13,225.87
Total losses paid	7,771.93
Total losses incurred during the year	10,000.82

FOSTER & FOLSOM, Inc.
U. S. Managers.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of February, 1917.
HELEN NESTLER, Notary Public.
(SEAL)

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION.

Annual statement of the American Surety Co. of New York, in the State of New York, on the 31st day of Dec. 1916, made to the Insurance Superintendent of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

CAPITAL.

Amount of capital stock paid up in cash	$5,000,000.00

INCOME.

Premiums received during the year	3,835,690.85
Int. rents and dividends	512,099.23
From other sources	7,709.00
Profit on sale or maturity of ledger assets	27,767.30
Increase in book value of ledger assets	275,162.80
Total income	$4,658,429.18

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses paid during year	$628,794.84
Investigation and adjustment of claims	97,512.12
Borrowed money, checks in process of collection	2,013.46
Commission or brokerage	622,953.39
Salaries, fees and all other charges of officers, clerks, agents and employees	1,287,293.07
Rents	58,330.84
Rpeairs, expenses and taxes on real estate	267,308.62
All other taxes, licenses and insurance depart. fees	96,828.59
Legal expenses, advertising, printing and stationery	62,674,96
Postage, telegraph, telephone, express, furniture and fixtures	47,312.19
Stockholders for interest or dividends	300,000.00
All other disbursements,	31,635.31
Agents' balances charged off	39,042.71
Loss on sale or maturity of ledges assets	79,438.44
Decreas in book value of ledger assets	154,041.25
Total Disbursements	$3,775.179.79

LEDGER ASSETS.

Book value of real estate	$3,166.047.91
Mortgage loans on real estate	75,821.89
Loans on collateral security	205,116.28
Book value of bonds & stocks	4,333,421.33
Cash on hand and in bank	1,149,819.87
Premiums in course of collection	775,515.95
Other ledger assets	478,168.74
Total ledger assets	$10,183,911.97

NON-LEDGER ASSETS.

Interest and rents due and accrued	40,506.25
Market value of real estate, bonds and stocks over book value	248,952.09
Gross assets	$10,473,370.31

DEDUCT ASSETS NOT ADMITTED.

Gross premiums in course of collection	221,019.12	
Book value of real estate, bonds and stocks over market value	116,331.33	
Other unadmitted assets	7,400.56	
Special deposits over liabilities	201,092.12	
		615,873,13
Total admitted assets		$9,857,497.18

LIABILITIES.

Net amount of unpaid losses	$789,826.36
stimated expensse of investigation and adjustment of unpaid claims	25,000.00
Total unearned premiums	2,267.458.08
Commission and brokerae	77,616.39
Salaries, rnets, bills, etc.	67,075.60
State, county and municipal taxes	67,080.01
Return and re-insurance premiums	5,794.90
Other liabilities	275,243.65
Total liabilities excluding capital	$3,575,822.96

BUSINESS IN ILLINOIS.

Total premiums received during the year	$274,932.32
Total losses paid during year	24,669.91

F. W. LAFRENTZ, Pres.
CHAS. W. JOETCHIUS, Sec.

Subscrib ed and sworn to before me this 29th day of Jan., 1917.
W. E. LLOYD, Notary Public.
(SEAL)

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION.

Annual Statement of the Commonwealth Casualty Company of Philadelphia, in the State of Pennsylvania, on the 31st day of December, 1916, made to the Insurance Superintendent of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

CAPITAL.

Amount of capital stock paid up in cash	$152,215.00

INCOME.

Premiums received during the year	$188,298.79
Policy fees required or represented by application	14,013.00
Interest, rents and dividends	7,567.79
From other sources	3,611.12
Total income	$213,490.70

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses paid during the year	$ 57,727.13
Investigation and adjustment of claims	931.15
Policy fees retained by agents	13,998.50
Commission or brokerage	50,467.08
Salaries, fees and all other charges of officers, clerks, agents and employes	27,217.50
Rents	3,058.17
All other taxes, licenses and insurance department fees	5,239.78
Legal expenses, advertising, printing and stationery	3,699.66
Postage, telegraph, telephone, express, furniture and fixtures	2,495.59
Stockholders for interest or dividends (inclusive 50 M stock dividend)	61,000.00
All other disbursements	31,983.81
Total disbursements	$257,818.37

LEDGER ASSETS.

Book value of bonds and stocks	$179,590.62
Cash on hand and in bank	21,029.84
Premiums in course of collection.	3,934 87
Other ledger assets	7,475.88
Total ledger assets	$212,031.21

NON-LEDGER ASSETS.

Interest and rents due and accrued	$ 1,495.00
Gross assets	$213,526.21

DEDUCT ASSETS NOT ADMITTED.

Agents' balances	$ 524.74	
Furniture, fixtures, supplies, printed matter and stationery	4,000.00	
Book value of real estate, bonds and stocks over market value	6,990.62	
Other unadmitted assets.	233.33	
		11,748.69
Total admitted assets		$201,777.52

LIABILITIES.

Net amount of unpaid losses	$ 1,900.22
Expense of investigation and adjustment of unpaid claims	150.00
Total unearned premiums	16,062.82
Commission and brokerage	786.97
Salaries, rents, bills, etc.	1,543.37
State, county and municipal taxes	3,500.00
Other liabilities	1,945.27
Total liabilities excluding capital	$25,888.65

BUSINESS IN ILLINOIS.

Total premiums received during the year	$ 1,284.65
Total losses paid during the year.	244.54

I. N. STEVENS, President.
E. S. COOK, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this tenth day of October, 1917.
[SEAL] JOSHUA R. MORGAN,
Notary Public.
My commission expires Jan. 22, 1921.
Commissioner for Illinois in .....

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